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BY

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THE TALE OF THE CRINOLINE.

TUNE.—“THE LOW-BACKED CAR.”

As I walked lately out, upon
The sunniest of days,
The light that shone was suddenly gone,
And left me in a haze.
I said, the Sun's Eclipsed—the Moon
Won't suffer it to be seen,
When a voice cried, “Don't you see, you Spoon,
It is my Crinoline.”

Oh! the Wonderful Crinoline,
The charming Crinoline,
I beg you won't fail to admire the Tale,
The Tale of the Crinoline.

Amazed, I gazed, when on me gleamed
The light of a charming face,
But, unless I dreamed, all the rest there seemed
Diffused through endless space.
“Who are you Mystical Maid?” I cried,
“And where may you have been?”

In a tone of pride—the voice replied,
“ You must ask my Crinoline.”

Oh ! the Wonderful Crinoline,
The charming Crinoline,
I beg you won't fail to admire the Tale,
The Tale of the Crinoline.

For, owing to its tender care,
I am in the happy case
Of being here, and there, and everywhere,
And never in one same place,
For you must know, that should I show
Myself at Aberdeen,
And you were to go to the Parish of Bow,
You would find my Crinoline.

Oh ! the Wonderful Crinoline,
The Charming Crinoline,
I beg you won't fail to admire the Tale,
The Tale of the Crinoline.

Had you any pretence to a grain of sense,
It were useless to explain,
That this immense circumference
Is Cupid's Special Train ;
And the only engine he suffers
On his line so neat and clean,
Is one with Patent Buffers,
That is called—the Crinoline.

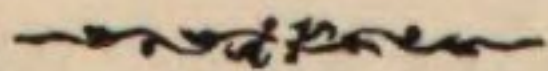
Oh ! the Wonderful Crinoline,
The Charming Crinoline,
I beg you won't fail to admire the Tale,
The Tale of the Crinoline.

Besides I've vowed—with a lively crowd
Of bold and angry belles,
Since the men are so proud—that they shan't be allowed,
To be called the greatest swells :
And so, without a shade of doubt,
They shall look both low, and mean,
As we blow ourselves up—and them all out,
With a puff of the Crinoline.

Oh ! the Wonderful Crinoline,
The Charming Crinoline,
I beg you won't fail to admire the Tale,
The Tale of the Crinoline.

Now if this song seems shady,
The fault's not mine at all,
But that of the Young Lady,
Who would make such a call.
And now, if nothing else we've learnt,
We'll sing, " God save the Queen
And all the ladies from being burnt,
Who wear a Crinoline."

Oh ! the Wonderful Crinoline,
The Charming Crinoline,
I beg you won't fail to admire the Tale,
The Tale of the Crinoline.



ADDRESS

To a Chairman of Quarter Sessions,
on his being presented with a Piece of Plate.

BY SOME UNWILLING WITNESSES OF HIS PERFORMANCE.

When friends do you honor, we cannot do less,
Than humbly present you this little Address,
From those you've made happy 'tis certainly due,
And have we not been quite transported by you.

You thought of your wisdom, there can't be a doubt
Old South Wales o'erflowing, and nearly worn out,
And so, by your Worship we kindly were told
To go to the New, for the good of the Old.

Then be not offended, if we are not seen
Amongst those who present you this Handsome Tureen ;
The reason your strong sense of justice approves,
We can't come with soup, for you've made us removes

As you'll meet the Tureen in an ominous spot,
Do not touch it too soon, as you may find it hot ;
For well we remember, and truly report,
How we burnt our fingers last time in the Court.

'Twill be pleasing to think, as you handle the Plate,
What a sweet correspondence there is in our Fate,
A closer connection can never be wished,
For, where you are Plated, there we have been Dish'd.

ECLOGUE.

NOT BY VIRGIL, NOR TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN.

SEE VIRGIL'S THIRD ECLOGUE.

Scene,—Oxford Street.

CHARIOT.

Pray who are you, who rudely thus presume
To treat me like a Vulgar Cab, or Brougham.

OMNIBUS.

I'm vone who'll trouble you to sport the cash,
And pay the smart for this oudacious smash.

CHARIOT.

What? cash from me! whose dignity is such,
That you should feel quite proud I've stooped to touch
One, whose whole aspect, clumsy, coarse, and big,
Makes the hair stand upon my Coachman's Wig.
As to your Pole, don't make a fuss about it,
I dare say you'll get on as well without it;
If not, Lord Dudley Stewart may console,
And dose with Polish Balls, your Broken Pole.

OMNIBUS.

Here's precious impudence ! Vot ! then you don't
Intend to pay !

CHARIOT.

Why no.

OMNIBUS.

You must.

CHARIOT.

I won't.

OMNIBUS.

You shall.

CHARIOT.

I shall not ; but, if you're inclined
For slang, in me a rival you may find.
A clear stage, and no favor's all I ask.

(Enter the Bristol Stage Coach.)

COACH.

If that be all you want, be mine the task
To meet your wishes ; I will umpire sit,
And arbitrate on your contending Wit.
For, since the Western Railway was completed,
A passenger has never once been seated
In, or outside, me ; therefore I'll engage,
That you will no where find a clearer Stage.
And as to favor, every one must know,
That, as I get none, I have none to show.

CHARIOT.

Goddess of Song ! cans't thou thy aid refuse
To one like me, so partial to the muse (Mews) ?
And if one draught from the Castalian Fount
Makes Poetry in any Blockhead mount,
In me it ought to rise on Eagle Wings,
Whose body gets support from double Springs.

OMNIBUS.

The muse is all my eye. Can you compare
With me, for strict attention to the fare ?
Behind me stands a most consummate Cad,
Who, ven he sees such honest bodies pad,
As looks as if they 'd verevithall to pay,
Invites them in, in his genteelest vay.

CHARIOT.

Behind my graceful form a Footman stands,
Prompt to receive, and then transmit, commands ;
No city phrases e'er his lips disgrace,
Attuned to West-End words, Park, Square, and Place.

OMNIBUS.

I'm sure my Cad makes a much better show ;
He looks as if he thought the Earth too low,
And keeps his finger pointing to the Sky
As if he vas all just a going to fly.

CHARIOT.

In me a real Fine Lady takes her drives,
And sets a pattern for all Ladies' lives :
Sometimes, for hours she condescends to stop,

And show what taste is, at a Modiste's shop ;
 For Caps and Gowns in swift succession call,
 Inspect, approve, and then reject them all.
 Sometimes in search of Friends she's pleased to roam,
 Praying that she may find them—not at home.
 And then in genial showers at their doors
 Her pasteboard symbols of affection pours.

OMNIBUS.

I've better food, than that, to feed my pride :
 Twelve precious souls sit snug in my inside,
 Who, soon as they are in, themselves begin
 To do their best to take each other in.
 There Brokers talk of Premiums, Fall and Rise,
 And Bulls and Bears invent all kinds of lies :
 There Prigs pick Pockets, and set Votches going,
 Just for the sake of making people knowing.
 All these are wide awake, not one that takes
 A jaunt in me, will find me—no great shakes.

CHARIOT.

Twelve persons ! Oh ! it's quite an Irish stew ;
 I never think of carrying more than two,
 Except (but that is quite another thing),
 Some very tip-top swell, like Edmund Byng.

OMNIBUS.

The more the merrier, I say, so long
 As people pay, they cannot come too strong.
 To pay up cheerfully and make no fuss, is
 All that is wanted by us Omnibusses.

BRISTOL COACH.

My Patience is beginning fast to flag,
So I must ask you to put on the Drag.
My judgement is "That both have done so well,
As near as I can guess, I cannot tell*
Which has done best—let each his anger smother,
Shake Poles, and don't bore me, or one another."

* Madam, I do not positively know, but, as near as I can guess, I cannot tell.—*Lord Grizzle — Tom Thumb.*



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

TUNE.—“SWEET KITTY CLOVER SHE BOTHERED ME SO.”

The Earth is in woe,
At its symmetry lost,
In a great coat of snow,
And a waistcoat of frost ;
The elements lower,
And all things below,
Tree, meadow, and flower,
Are lost in the snow.

Lest sad thoughts should mar all
Your hearts merry glow,
Here is one little Carol,
In spite of the snow ;
To prove, if you'll deign
One thought to bestow,
That some things remain
Not lost in the snow.

And first I'll advise
The ladies—sweet class—
That there's nothing so wise
As a look in the glass ;
That magical action
Will cause a soft glow
Of self-satisfaction,
Not lost in the snow.

Though no leaf on the trees,
No verdure be seen,
There are thoughts that won't freeze,
And memories green ;
No fear, whilst December
Shews aught that we owe,
But some will remember,
Not lost in the snow.

Though earth, air, and ocean,
Seem awfully still,
There is some locomotion
Still left in a bill :
When units to tens
So surprisingly grow,
That no figures, but mens',
Seem lost in the snow.

The drifts may be strong,
But I'll bet that the snow
Won't lie half so long
As some that I know ;

Whose imaginations
Will labour to shew
Fine tough fabrications
Not lost in the snow.

Charles Dickens, each season,
Sends carols, and chymes ;
I do not send reason,
But furnish some rhymes :
Then do not rebuff,
But if they seem slow,
Say, " Here's precious stuff !
Not lost in the snow."



THE TURNPIKE TRUSTEE.

Persecution's the lot of mankind,
Of beasts, and of birds of the air,
And I am completely resigned,
If I only come in for my share.
But such an extravagant course
Has never, by land or by sea,
Been served with so little remorse,
As to a poor Turnpike Trustee,
An unfortunate Turnpike Trustee.

Each morning with wonder I cry,
As I read the reports in the "Times":
Oh! dear, how unconsciously I
Have committed these horrible crimes.
The solution is simple, though strong,
That finds such a regular key
To all that went ever yet wrong
In the act of a Turnpike Trustee,
An unfortunate Turnpike Trustee.

Were I changed to a fox, I would go,
With spirits both lighter and bolder,
To the tune of the cry, "Tally Ho,"
Than see an unpaid Tally Holder,

Who says, when he shows, with a frown,
A bill full of L. S. and D,
That, if *his* money is not paid down,
'Tis all up with the Turnpike Trustee,
The unfortunate Turnpike Trustee,

In vain on the ladies I wait,
For each one observes with a smile,
Where all is so wrong in his gate,
There is something not right in his style;
I don't get a card for a rout,
And even at scandal and tea,
It is not a Turn, but Keep-out,
In the case of the Turnpike Trustee,
The unfortunate Turnpike Trustee.

The Toper, who never forsakes
His bottle, till carried to bed,
Sometimes in the morning awakes
With a terrible pain in his head;
He says, " Well, I cannot divine
What can be the matter with me;
I am sure that it was not the wine,
But the sight of the Turnpike Trustee,
The unfortunate Turnpike Trustee."

The Ranter prints bills to declare,
That people, who go to a race,
Are sure to go, not only there,
But, to an unnameable place.

They will print a more thundering batch
Of threats, with another N.B.
Not—"This is the way to old Scratch,"
But, "the way to a Turnpike Trustee,"
An unfortunate Turnpike Trustee.

You may make me the subject of wit,
And call me whatever you like,
I resent not the name of Turnspit,
So you breathe not the sound of Turnpike.
With a tin kettle tied to my tail,
I safe through tormentors might flee,
But nothing to save could avail,
Were I known for a Turnpike Trustee,
An unfortunate Turnpike Trustee.

But Oh ! what distresses me most,
Is the thought when I go to my grave,
In revenge for not saving my post,
The Clerk will not grant me a stave ;
And the Sexton, unless they control
His obstinate heart with a fee,
Will say, when he's asked for a toll,
None are paid to a Turnpike Trustee,
An unfortunate Turnpike Trustee.

RAILWAY SONG.

TUNE.—“WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER.”

Will you come to the Bower I have shaded for you?
The attraction is old, I must find something new;
Then come to my Railroad, and when you are there,
You will find yourself in a more shady affair.

Will you, will you, will you, will you, take a few shares?
Will you, will you, will you, will you, take a few shares?

Will you come to the Railroad I've sketched out for
you?
It's a practical thing, and quite certain to do,
Quite certain to do—those, who are not afraid,
But whose names are all booked, and whose money's
all paid.

Will you, will you, will you, will you, take a few shares?
Will you, will you, will you, will you, take a few shares?

The prettiest of pretty games, which every one would
choose,
Is surely that, where all must win, and nobody can lose.
So play then at my Railway, where, (so projectors say,)
Every person must receive—and no one is to pay.

Will you, will you, will you, will you, take a few shares?
Will you, will you, will you, will you, take a few shares?

For a Railroad is a Reservoir, without a leak, or spout,
Where every thing comes running in, and nothing can
come out.

Where nothing can come out, and, to prove it, I begin,
By asking many people, who have put their money in.
Will you, will you, will you, will you, take a few shares?
Will you, will you, will you, will you, take a few shares?

If you wish to know what Terminus and Traffic we
have got,
Oh! we have a splendid Traffic in—nobody knows what,
And the Terminus, it gives me pride and pleasure to
declare,
Is at that most improving place, called—nobody knows
where.

Will you, will you, will you, will you, take a few shares?
Will you, will you, will you, will you, take a few shares?

So whilst the blessed bulls and bears stand round us
in a ring,
In honour of the Railroad a duet we will sing.
The part of rook I'll keep myself, for you might think
it dull,
But I'm sure you'll find quite suitable what's written
for a gull.

Will you, will you, will you, will you, take a few shares?
Will you, will you, will you, will you, take a few shares?

THE SEA, THE SEA.

On being offered, and refusing, the Post of
Deputy Vice-Admiral, at Milford Haven.

TUNE.—“THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.”

Ye Gentlemen, who, high and dry,
Sit safely on the land,
You little think what honours I
Have had at my command :
There's not a person in the State,
From Constable to Queen,
Who is, by one third part, so great,
As what I might have been.

Oh ! the Sea, the Sea, is the place for me,
My valour and skill to shew,
When the shore is near, and there's nothing to fear,
And the stormy winds don't blow.

One Title seems a decent share,
Then what do you think of me,
Who, like old Cerberus, might swear
That I was as good as three :
To Admiral add Deputy,
And Vice to make it strong,
And if you deny my Title being High,
You *must* own, that it is Long.

Oh ! the Sea, the Sea, is the place for me,
My valour and skill to shew,
When the shore is near, and there's nothing to fear,
And the stormy winds don't blow.

But now, a victim to remorse,
I sadly sit and think,
That I have stopped promotion's course,
And shrunk from honour's brink.
Alas ! my very inmost soul
The recollection stabs,
That I have lost the proud control
Of the Lobsters, Shrimps, and Crabs.

Oh ! the Sea, the Sea, is the place for me
My valour and skill to shew,
When the shore is near, and there's nothing to fear,
And the stormy winds don't blow.

What pleasure to see the Royal Fish
Swim daily to report
Themselves, as fit for a dainty dish
To set before the Court.

And then, with a condescending face,
To have answered, thus, the whale,
“I will book you to-night, for an inside place
To Windsor, by the Mail.”

Oh! the Sea, the Sea, is the place for me,
My valour and skill to shew,
When the shore is near, and there's nothing to fear,
And the stormy winds don't blow.

Before I chose my luck to spoil,
Sea-phrases were my pride,
And I said, when asked, “Does the kettle boil,”
“Oh! yes, 'tis flowing tide.”
But my maritime zeal got into my throat,
That it was no longer free
To sing on any other note,
Except the deep, deep sea, (C.)

Oh! the Sea, the Sea, is the place for me,
My valour and skill to show,
When the shore is near, and there's nothing to fear,
And the stormy winds don't blow.

My nautical information
I was anxious to increase,
So I studied navigation
With a flock of ducks and geese:
And I called the gander “my commodore,”
But the turkey made me growl,

So I cried "you lubber, stay on shore,
For you're always a running fowl."

Oh! the Sea, the Sea, is the place for me,
My valour and skill to show,
When the shore is near, and there's nothing to fear,
And the stormy winds don't blow.

A secret I had to a friend to tell,
So I begged him to take some pains
To mind what I said, and stow it well
In the log-book of his brains.
But he only stared, and looked quite slow,
And stupidly shook his head,
So I said, "Ship-mate, I should like to know
What makes you heave the lead."

Oh! the Sea, the Sea, is the place for me,
My valour and skill to show,
When the shore is near, and there's nothing to fear,
And the stormy winds don't blow.

When a tradesman called with a monstrous bill,
Which filled my soul with grief,
I begged him to show a seaman's skill
"In taking in a reef."
My tailor stared at the message I sent
"To rig me fore and aft,"
And, to pay my lawyer a compliment,
I called him "a clever craft."

Oh! the Sea, the Sea, is the place for me,
My valour and skill to show,
When the shore is near, and there's nothing to fear,
And the stormy winds don't blow.

One night in the street I heard a noise,
And tried in vain to pass,
When some of liberty's blessed boys
Where busily breaking glass.
In reply to a stupid landsman's shout,
"Go back, for there's a row;"
I said, "I'll put the ship about,
There are breakers on the bow."

Oh! the Sea, the Sea, is the place for me,
My valour and skill to shew,
When the shore is near, and there's nothing to fear,
And the stormy winds don't blow.

My fancy gave my sense the slip,
And went a-head so fast,
That I really thought myself a ship,
And took my nose for the mast:
And I told a man, "to copper my keel,"
Lest some sunken rock might break,
So he drove in a nail, which made me feel
I had made a slight mistake.

Oh! the Sea, the Sea, is the place for me,
My valour and skill to show,
When the shore is near, and there's nothing to fear,
When the stormy winds don't blow.

'Tis vain to regret, and fret—so, yet,
At dinner I hope to shine,
In dealing with the heavy wet,
And steering to—Port wine,

And my applauding messmates shall,
 (Who sit with me at table,)
Declare, that, if no Admiral,
 I still am admirable.

Oh! the Sea, the Sea, is the place for me,
 My valour and skill to show,
When the shore is near, and there's nothing to fear,
 And the stormy winds don't blow.



THE DUEL.

All you, whose excitable minds take delight in
The stories of heroes, and quarrels, and fighting,
Will not, I am sure, at my narrative scoff
Of the Terrible Duel, that never came off.

If my heroes were bishops, I beg you will feel,
Their rage was a burst of episcopal zeal ;
If their language of meekness may seem an outstepper,
It all came from piety, flavored with pepper.

Says Hereford, " Highly astonished I am
At what you have stated, Right Reverend Sam !"
" You say, ' I've retracted for you.' My reply
" Is this, and no other—' My Brother, you lie.' "

Says Oxford, " This insult quite mars my devotion,
And is almost as bad as the loss of promotion ;
And whilst it's allowed on my name to remain,
All the soap in my nature can't wash out the stain.

" A Duel we'll fight, ere a week can be reckoned,
And the best clock in Oxford shall furnish a Second ;
Amongst the Church Canons my arms will be found,
And the tallest Archbishop shall step out the ground."

Says Hereford, "Christian Brother—I grieve
That you are offended, and beg you'll believe,
When I said you were lying—my meaning to be,
You were lying in wait for a much better See."

"Was that all," says Oxford, "then there's no offence,
And pray, take what I said, in an opposite sense,
For you'll know, when we're better acquainted, Dear
Brother,
That, when I say one thing, I'm meaning another."

With this explanation, so courteous and clever,
They parted with love, (we hope,) greater than ever.
May all quarrels thus end, without bloodshed or noise,
And may Bishops, henceforward, behave like good boys.



ST. GOVAN'S--A DREAM.

Dramatis Personæ.—Says He.—Says I.

When wind and wave had ceased to rave,
 And a dreamy silence kept,
 At St. Govan's Head, on a rocky bed,
 I laid me down and slept.
 A voice cried, "Who, pray Sir, are you?
 I suffer none to lie
 On that large stone, which is mine alone."
 "How very hard," says I.

I looked, and saw, with sudden awe,
 St. Govan's ancient form;
 The title-page of his face was age,
 With etchings by sea and storm.
 "I hope you ai'nt a rival Saint,
 Who are come for my place to try,
 For if it so be—walk off," says he.
 "I am no such thing," says I.

His mind was eased, and he seemed quite pleased,
 And we talked about this, and that;
 How the world went on, since he was gone,
 And what it now was at.

"I suppose" says he "it's so clever and free,
That 'twould be in vain to spy
For a fault to mend, before its end."

"I am not quite sure," says I.

"You have banished of course all fraud, and force,
And calmed domestic strife."

Says I, "If true, we certainly do
Still counterfeit to the life."

Says he, "Of old, men often told,
What used to be called, a Lie."

"When they do so, now, they only allow,
They have made a mistake," says I.

"In my time," says he, "there was robbery,
And man shot man in fight."

Says I, "Now and then, a dozen men
Shoot one old woman by night."

"Turn R to J, and you may say,
That we have a large supply
Of robbers still, who make a bill
For what they have done," says I.

Says he, "If from home I was forced to roam,
When I sought my blest abode,
How sadly, and slow, I seemed to go,
For the want of a turnpike road."

"If Rebecca stands, and gives commands
To her daughters, as we pass by,
"To blow out our brains!" why that detains
Us still, very much," says I.

Says he, "I fear, it is not clear,
That the world so much improves
As I could wish—Perfection's dish
Is still in the Removes.
In spite of schools, there are many fools."—
"To whom do your words apply?"
In a rage I spoke! When I awoke,
And found it was only "I."



THE PICK-POCKET.

While just antithesis of praise, and blame,
Weaves piebald garlands for each hero's fame ;
A humbler form my saddened eye reviews,
Who claims a wreath from the impartial muse ;
One, whom the anti-social legal throng
Seize, and, with real, pay imagined, wrong.
This noble captive's story would you seek ?
A tear bedews my sympathetic cheek,
Mourning his moral metaphysics crossed,
And philanthropic zeal congealed by legal frost.
For when, with glowing soul and teeming brain,
He marked each link, that joins the social chain,
Thought some too dim, and some unfairly bright,
His heart grew heavy, and his fingers light.
Then, humbly seeking to do good by stealth,
He wandered forth to ease plethoric wealth ;
And marking one, whom Fortune, partial nurse,
Had blest with pockets conscious of a purse,
Swift through his veins a kindly impulse ran,
Which drew him closer to his fellow-man :
They met—they parted—one, with glowing breast,
Elate with thoughts of social ills redressed ;

The other all philosophy forgot,
And thought of pockets, where a purse was not.
“Great is my loss,” he cried; “Policeman, come,
Let A. division calculate the sum.”
The minions come—their sacrilegious feet
Invade the good philosopher’s retreat;
Forth from his pious contemplations draw,
And, lost to Nature, give him up to Law.



THE DOG'S PETITION AGAINST
THE PROPOSED DOG'S
CART BILL.

We, Dogs, in Kennel assembled, with one unanimous
snarl, consent
To submitting this Petition to your noble House of
Parliament,
Against as great an outrage, as ever yet was made
On honest individuals pursuing their lawful trade.
We must, and will, call this Dog's Cart Bill, a shame
and a disgrace,
As aggravating the feelings of all our respectable race.
The Terriers are terrified, the Setters quite upset,
It disappoints the Pointers, and in a passion puts each
Pet,
Whilst the Newfoundlanders, all at sea, drown care in
heavy wet,
And all are Hullah-ing one sad air, "Oh! teach me
to forget."
We must appeal to Prince Albert, and the Committee
of the Fine Arts,
And ask, if Landseer may draw the Dogs, why mayn't
Dogs draw the Carts.

What is to become, we'd like to know, of our children,
and our wives,
If we may not turn an honest penny, by taking our
daily drives.
Some talk about our madness, and their very great
compassion,
Well! suppose we do go mad? Ain't madness all
the fashion?
But they can't bamboozle us so, for we know 'its
nothing but vanity
That makes them wish to keep a monopoly of insanity,
Besides it is not true, for no one but a noodle,
Can fail to see in a moment, as plain as any Poodle,
That we, who are out in every kind of weather, fine or
rainy, are
No subjects for hydrophobia, or any monomania.
We beg you to think of what was said, when somebody
thought fit
To make remarks on our friends the Apes, who were
busy turning a spit.
The question was "How can they bear such a strain
on their gentility,"
And the answer, "They're sad, but quite consoled by
thinking of their utility."
Just so when a Dog is drawing bread, the thought his
heart consoles,
That he is quite as useful, as a Master of the Rolls!
Now, to shew our charming temper, as we have
occasioned lately
A dispute between the Chancellor, and the wise Arch-
bishop Whately,
Whether, when people flog us, to make us leave sheep
alone,

Is it for the sake of others, or only for our own?
For the sake of peace and harmony, we are prepared
 though loth,
To sacrifice the privilege on either score, or both.
We are willing to do all this, to make law and divinity
 friends,
And all we want from you, in the shape of some small
 amends,
Is to suffer us to bring, as before, your muffins and
 rolls in the morning.
For if you do not give us leave, we give you solemn
 warning,
That your life will never run smooth again, but be
 swamped in sorrow's bogs;
For, if the Dogs don't come to you, you must all
 "Go to the Dogs."



TABLE TURNING.

All, who new delights
Would be ever learning,
Must their days and nights
Pass in Table-Turning.
For, the wise, and good,
Who can judge of merit,
Find alone in Wood
Proper sense, and spirit.

Nothing half so good,
Nothing half so clever,
As lively leaping Wood,
Lively Wood for ever.

Through this magic art,
Weight and plate forgetting,
Sluggish Sideboards start,
And go—pirouetting.
Tables scorn the frown
Of lovely lady workers,
And throw their thimbles down,
To begin Mazurkas.

Here's to what is good,
Nothing half so clever,
As lively leaping Wood,
Lively Wood for ever.

Some love in peace to sit,
 But there is no denying
 That Sofa's brighter wit,
 Which sends the Sitters flying.
 Could men, alive or dead,
 Of fame more widely spread boast,
 Than he, who had his head
 Well broken by a bed-post?

Nothing half so good,
 Nothing half so clever,
 As lively leaping Wood,
 Lively Wood for ever.

Noses out of joint,
 Torn and tattered dresses,
 All but seem to point
 Out brilliant successes.
 If a Table jump,
 As it runs before ye,
 And give your head a thump,
 That is real glory.

What is half so good,
 What is half so clever,
 As lively leaping Wood,
 Lively Wood for ever.

Bright eyes of every hue
 Poets learn to praise well,
 Grey, or liquid blue,
 Violet, or hazel.
 But most of all I prize
 That lady, who is able

To shew me two black eyes,
Just given by a Table.

Nothing half so good,
Nothing half so clever,
As lively leaping Wood,
Lively Wood for ever.

If a Table, when we dine,
Jumps quite beyond our wishes,
Spills all the soup and wine,
And smashes plates and dishes,
The mistress,—should some guest,
Sauce-spattered, think of snarling,—
Says, “I’m proud to be possessed
Of such a playful darling.”

Nothing half so good,
Nothing half so clever
As lively leaping Wood,
Lively Wood for ever.

Oh ! may I, to command
Joys, all joys excelling,
In some Table land
Have my happy dwelling ;
And there view at my ease,
Care and sorrow killing,
Table, Chairs and Trees,
Waltzing and Quadrilling.

Nothing half so good,
Nothing half so clever,
As lively leaping Wood,
Leaping Wood for ever.

Oh ! grant me your applause
For my deep devotion
To the noble cause
Of Wooden locomotion.
I feel quite sure of fame,
If you will only tell, how
I well deserve the name
Of "a Wooden-Headed Fellow."

Nothing half so good,
Nothing half so clever,
As lively leaping Wood,
Lively Wood for ever.



PROLOGUE TO THE SCAPEGOAT,

As performed at Picton Castle
by a Party of Amateurs.

As each returning year sees England pour
Luxurious Pilgrims on some foreign shore,
Rich dilettantis, who abroad must roam,
To bring supplies of taste, and rubbish, home ;
Or wedded pairs, (for, what fine lady marries,
But polishes her bliss at Rome or Paris ?)
Whilst in the well-stuffed coach they sweetly snore,
Or wake, to vote each place they view a bore,
The watchful courier gallops on before :
His task, though sleep may other eyelids close,
Or tune in dulcet strains the vocal nose,
To summon at each Post the prompt relay,
Explore the Inns, and call to light and day
The larder's embryo stores of Stews and Broils,
And sooth by prescient thought the journey's toils.
Such is his task. And now, in humbler sphere,
I come to do a Courier's duty here.
Alike my office, though I cannot boast
To serve such Exquisites as travel post.
The modest party, who my cares engage,
Have chosen for their vehicle the Stage,

And venture forth, with palpitating hearts,
To seek a land, unmarked by maps or charts.
Ruled by no power but changing fancy's laws,
And even, by hope seen dimly—your applause.
Say, how I best may aid them on the road,
That leads to this indefinite abode?
Though Epicures suggest, for fainting forces,
The recipe of soups, and second courses,
On more etherial food my hopes I fix,
And only order "sympathy for six;"
Look for the signs of Patience, and Good-Will,
And ready blindness to defects of skill.
These are their refuges from dread and doubt,
Their only *Inns* to shelter them when *out*.
And now, give fancy scope, but don't refuse
To let good humour varnish all her hues;
And if our Thespian carriage, drawn by Colts,
Betray some loosened screws, and suffer jolts,
Let fancy view it smoothly glide along,
And kindly cry—"All right"—when all is wrong.



EPILOGUE TO THE SCAPEGOAT.

Spoken by the Characters.

CHARLES.

Laden with father, tutor, child, and wife,
I need no ballast on the sea of life,
And only now the friendly breezes court
Of your applause, to blow me into port.

OLD EUSTACE.

This call for Rhyme is very hard on those
Old gentlemen like me, much given to Prose ;
But, as I've something new to say—Here goes—
What's done, is done—that sounds I think like sense,
And made me over-look my son's offence.
So, as our Play is done, indulgence lend it,
Censure, or Praises, come too late to mend it.
If you must blame the effort as "audacious,"
Pray vote it Frivolous, but not Vexatious.

HARRIET.

Do not in Memory's Review forget
To grant some Post to gentle Harriet ;
But ah ! I doubt, if, in this Iron Age,
Her gentle innocence can suit the Stage.

Next time I act, I really must claim
 Some surer passport to Dramatic Fame,
 Than smooth Propriety's unshaded Part,
 And woes that vex, but do not break, the heart.
 Never again may I be doomed to sup
 Such milk and water from the Thespian Cup.
 Oh, No ! the Tragic Muse must pour for me
 Grief's deadly draught, or Passion's Eau de Vie :
 Grant to my fond request a proper share
 Of Tuneful Groans, and Picturesque Despair ;
 A due supply of Extacies and Fits ;
 Or, (pleasing prospect,) Loss of Life, or Wits.
 Then in your hearts I'll kindle the delight
 Of cheap compassion, and secure affright,
 And feel thus gratified in my ambition,
 Like Desdemona of "most blest condition."*

ROBIN.

I think this Epilogue a shame and sin,
 A trap to take an honest body in.
 I did the job, for which I had contracted,
 And tried my best to please you, as I acted ;
 But now I'll only ax—"are wages rising ?"
 If not, I'll not stand here, extemporizing.

MOLLY MAGGS.

Don't think of wages, Robin, but the glory
 Of being called an Im-pro-wis-a-tore !
 Oh ! how I love that word—so long—so grand—
 So difficult to spell, or understand !

* "She's a lady of most blest condition.

IAGO.—Blessed condition, blessed figs end."—*Othello*.

Besides, consider, if the critics wrangle,
And say, that, 'when we act, we only mangle,'
The way to smooth their temper into peace—is
By Epilogues to iron out the creases.
And now I hope, my duty here being ended,
For some good place I can be recommended.
I'm sure, that, when an honest girl engages
To work as I do, without board, or wages,
All, who love industry, and money bags,
Should give a character to Molly Maggs.

POLYGLOT.

A grave Professor, L.L.D. and Tutor,
Can never condescend to be a suitor.
Let those, who want employment, seek compassion,
I feel, that I must always be in fashion,
When I allow, that others may their folly blot
From their account, and set it down to Polyglot.
No! long as any one has faults to smother,
And loves to cast the blame upon another,
And, under some convenient human pillow,
Keep, undisturbed, his private peccadillo;
So long, till time his weary journey ends,
Must Scapegoats be "the Goats with many friends."

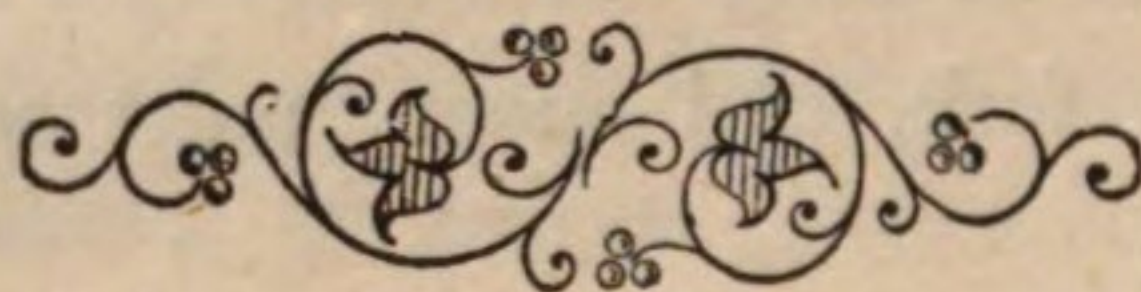
THE FREEMASONS.

TUNE.—“BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK.”

Though the night may be dark, and the showers
 may pour,
 And the Masons are come—do not open the door.
 The way through the door is quite common to all;
 The Masons should carve out a hole in the wall.
 The supper is spread, but they leave it alone,
 For Masons eat nothing but mortar and stone,
 And as knife, fork, and spoon, must seem useless
 and odd,
 We will leave them to manage with Trowel and Hod.

Since thoughts have all language completely outrun,
 No Mason elects, as his member, the tongue.
 For representation, he wisely inclines
 To the safer selection of symbols, and signs.
 Can rhetorical cant, for an hour, disclose
 A meaning so vast, as a twitch of his nose?
 And, like the blind horse, he is happy to think,
 That a nod to a Mason 's as good as a wink.

I'm puzzled what title and honours can please
A body of men, so distinguished as these :
I range through each name from the Pope to Old
 Nick,
But few sound so well as a "Regular Brick."
One title remains, as resplendent, and high,
As the rainbow which spans the expanse of the sky ;
From its equal pretensions 'tis called the Grand Arch,
So, to give it due honour, we'll play "The Rogue's
 March."



THE WONDERFUL LAMB.

TUNE.—"THE CORK LEG."

I'll tell you a tale, without any flam,
Of one who did little but guzzle and cram,
And every morning, say "I am
My Missis's own, her well fed Lamb,
Her all amazing, peaceful, praizing, graceful, grazing
—Lamb."

A stranger story cannot be told,
Than how this Lamb continued to hold
So long the snuggest berth in the fold,
Without changing to mutton as he grew old,
Like a well fed house-in, beautiful, browsing, clever,
carousing—Lamb.

Oh ! a Lamb he was of size and weight,
With fat on his ribs, and a grizzly pate,
And his Missis thought his merits so great,
That she made him the steward of all her estate,
Her all-inspecting, rent-collecting, nothing-rejecting,
—Lamb.

But some knowing ones to the lady went,
And said, "if this old Lamb a'int sent
To the right about, you'll soon repent ;
For you'll not get in one rap of your rent
From this administrating, captivating, ruminating
—Lamb.

The lady seemed at first inclined
To take the advice, and the Lamb resigned.
But pity made her change her mind,
When she heard how the waiting women whined,
With their sighs and snivel, despair and drivel, and
pray be civil—to Lamb.

For they all began to wail and weep,
And vow their favourite they must keep,
To eat and drink, or sit and sleep,
And they'd back him against a whole flock of sheep,
Like an all-amusing, bosky, boozing, smirking,
snoozing—Lamb.

And they said, "'Tis envy, spite, and hate,
Makes people his energy underate,
And of his lazy lounging prate,
For he likes any service—if of plate,
In well drest dishes, fowls and fishes, a most judicious
—Lamb.

"Besides, as we've got a Park, 'tis clear
We must be saving pounds in the year,
By keeping this useful animal here,
Who is *at* once both our Lamb and *dear*,
Our economical, fit for frolic, all queer and comical—
Lamb.

“ Oh ! if they try away to pull
Our Lamb, we'll bellow like a bull,
For no cup can cheer our spirits, if full
Of any liquor, except Lamb's Wool,
So 'twould be cruel to spoil our gruel by taking
our jewel,—the Lamb.

“ Besides, 'tis fair, that one who diverts
The ladies' maids, and frisks and flirts,
And sticks so close to his Misses's skirts,
And eats all the dinners, should have his desserts,
A dutiful, dining, sleek and shining, wassailing,
whining—Lamb.

“ If they tell him to turn to the right about,
We'll say he can't, for he 's got the gout.
Let him stay, and the tenants will find, no doubt,
For keeping him in, they'll be served out,
By this ready to do them, starve, or stew them, smash
and screw them—Lamb.

“ So Lambkin dear, stay where you are,
And if the day should not be far,
When our credit will fall rather under par,
We'll run to the Lamb, and he'll cry—Baa,
Like a take it easy, try to please ye, gammon and
fleece ye,—Lamb.”

SIGHT-SEEING.

TUNE.—“OH ! THE DAYS THAT WE WENT GIPSYING
A LONG TIME AGO.”

Oh ! the days that we went sight-seeing,
A long time ago,
'Twas right to end, for who would spend,
Their time and money so,
And idly roam, away from home,
When ladies' here have made,
At our last launch, a root and branch
Improvement in the trade,
And proved without a shade of doubt,
That there can never be,
Such pure delights in any sights,
As those we do not see.

When past and gone, can lookers on,
At any sight compare,
For flow of wit, describing it,
With those who were not there,
What we behold is quickly told,
A story brief and mean,
Which freely flows, if we suppose,
What might or could have been,

Hypothesis lends every bliss,
 For then with fancy free,
 We turn our backs on stupid facts,
 In sights we do not see.

Besides 'tis clear, 'tis far less dear,
 And saves much stumping down,
 No one to teaze with words like these,
 "Admittance half-a-crown,"
 Whilst ladies' eyes economise,
 And keep their optic springs,
 For casting darts at lovers hearts,
 Far more important things,
 So it is plain, that all must gain,
 In love or £. s. d.,
 Preventing waste, who have a taste
 For sights they do not see.

But if some stupid son of clay,
 On turtle fed, or haunch,
 Must needs request to know how best,
 He may behold a launch,
 If his mind's eye, will not descry,
 And dullness be his fate,
 All I can say is—"his best way is,
 Not to be too late,
 For let him stand by sea or land,
 I fear that such as he,
 Will never match the joys we catch,
 From sights we do not see.

SONG.

TUNE.—“THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.”

It would be a shame
To give me a name,
Let none, who listen, fear me,
But I heard, one day,
A lady say :
“ You must stop, sir, and cheer me
For all below
Now seems so slow,
That I never can resigned be ;
And not grow cross,
When I think of the loss
Of what I have left behind me.”

“ Oh ! madam,” said I,
“ What makes you cry ?
Do all your friends forsake you ?
Is your parrot fled ?
Or your monkey dead ?
That sorrow thus can shake you.”

Cried she, “ Alas !
Could every class
Of parrot and ape combined be,
Though great the treat,
Still they could not compete
With the men I’ve left behind me.

“ I had men to shine
In every clime,
Law, Church, and Regimental,
Whilst, to win my heart,
Some did the smart,
And some the sentimental.
Oh ! to make assaults
On others faults,
And to my own quite blind me,
I never met
Such a charming set,
As the men I have left behind me.

“ I must ever praise
Those blessed days,
So full of edification,
When no mamma
Stood near to bar
An innocent flirtation.

When no pretence
Of what 's called sense
In its stupid chains confined me ;
But I could, without stop
Talk pure slip-slop
With the men I have left behind me.

“ I will boldly say,
That no field day
Of the best troops in the land is
A sight so fine,
As that day of mine,
With my regiment of dandies.
Had Wellington heard,
As I gave the word,
How they simpered, smiled, and whined, he
Would have given his ears,
And the whole Grenadiers,
For the men I have left behind me.

“ To be left alone
To sigh and groan,
Is really quite benumbing,
To show my despair,
I would tear my hair,
But I fear that's not becoming.
Oh ! my heart will break,
And no mistake,
Unless, kind sir, you'll find me
A set of beaux,
As smart as those
Nice men I have left behind me.”

Said I, " Well ! I'll try
For a fresh supply,
But allow me to remind you,
When next you get
Another set,
Don't leave them all behind you.
If I might advise,
It would be wise
The Dandies, who adore you,
In view to keep,
Like a flock of sheep,
And drive them all before you.



HUNTING SONG.

TUNE.—“A HUNTING WE WILL GO.”

The dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the sun,
But our finances are so dry,
There cannot be a run.
For the Exchequer is low,
And subscriptions make no show,
So a hunting we can't go,
A hunting we can't go.

The wives around their husbands throw
Their arms, and sadly say,
“My dears, how can you be so slow?
Why don't you try to pay?
For you'll not be only slow,
But a set of noodles grow,
If a hunting you don't go,
A hunting you don't go.

“ Our daughters will not be admired ;
 Bright eyes and flowing locks
 Are lost on men, when not inspired
 By following a fox.
 Not a pretty speech will flow
 From the lips of any beau,
 If a hunting he don't go,
 A hunting he don't go.

“ If men don't hunt, they'll only sleep ;
 Quadrille and waltz must fall ;
 And won't young ladies wail and weep,
 If they can't have a ball.
 For nobody will know
 What is pretty from so so,
 If a hunting they don't go,
 A hunting they don't go.”

But hark ! a sporting Squire cries,
 “ Don't weep, but trust in me,
 For wiping tears from all your eyes, (I's)
 By my £. s. and d.
 For these three letters I know,
 Will chase the two I, O,
 And a hunting you shall go,
 A hunting you shall go.

“ Be mine the task, which others shirk,
 To prop a falling hunt,
 For I will now a wonder work,
 And be sharp with the blunt.

And in spite of one John Doe,
And Mr. Richard Roe,
A hunting you shall go,
A hunting you shall go."

May he, who these our woes could cure,
Long, long keep up the fight,
And hunt whilst sun and moon endure,
And then by candle light.
And he who does say no,
May go to a place below,
Whilst a hunting we do go,
All crying, "Tally ho."

THE RAILWAY SONG.

How happy to live in these fast-going times,
And find compensation for sorrow and crimes,
A plaster for loss, and a cure for disgrace,
In the simple prescription of "Plenty of Pace."
Though Fortune her wheel may reverse, with a
frown,

We are equally pleased with an up, or a down,
When each with a rival attraction assails,
In getting up steam, or in laying down rails.

So we cut all progression by horses or sails,
And turn up our noses at stages and mails;
For the doctors prescribe, for each ill that assails,
No remedy like locomotion by rails.

They, first, call a meeting, and spend a whole week,
In making impromptus for movers to speak,
Whose fine resolutions completely outshine
The skill of the poet in gilding a line.
And in pious alarm—of men failing to scan,
With optics unclouded their exquisite plan,

And taking its manifold wonders on trust,—
Their very first summons is,—“Down with the
dust?”

So we cut all progression by horses or sails,
And turn up our noses at stages and mails ;
For the doctors prescribe, for each ill that assails,
No remedy like locomotion by rails.

I listen with wonder, and hear with delight,
That whatever was wrong is put suddenly right,
And find myself blest with an ample supply
Of all that I want, but the money to buy,
If that should be short, my encouragers say,
That the profits have merely mistaken the way,
And taken another, but little the worse,
Which is called the Prospectus, instead of my Purse.

So we cut all progression by horses and sails,
And turn up our noses at stages and mails ;
For the doctors prescribe, for each ill that assails,
No remedy like locomotion by rails.

Now, look at the flag of improvement unfurled,
And the barter of knowledge all over the world ;
In a moment, the ladies at China express
To those at the Pole their ideas of dress.
With the speed of the lightning kind messages
pass :
If I send to a friend, to declare he's an ass,

I am favoured, before recollection is cool,
With an answer to tell me, that I am a fool.

So we cut all progression by horses and sails,
And turn up our noses at stages and mails ;
For the doctors prescribe for each ill that assails,
No remedy like locomotion by rails.

Poor Cupid is forced (though the Slaves of his yoke
Are found, as before, in hot water and smoke ;)
To a change, which his passion for symmetry stings,
And to wear a great Chimney, instead of his wings.
The lover, in aid of his gentle pursuit,
Now takes a steam whistle, instead of a lute ;
And sparing his sighs, if the lady rebuff,
Sends off, as his proxy, an Engine to puff.

So we cut all progression by horses or sails,
And turn up our noses at stages and mails ;
For the Doctors prescribe, for each ill that assails,
No remedy like locomotion by rails.

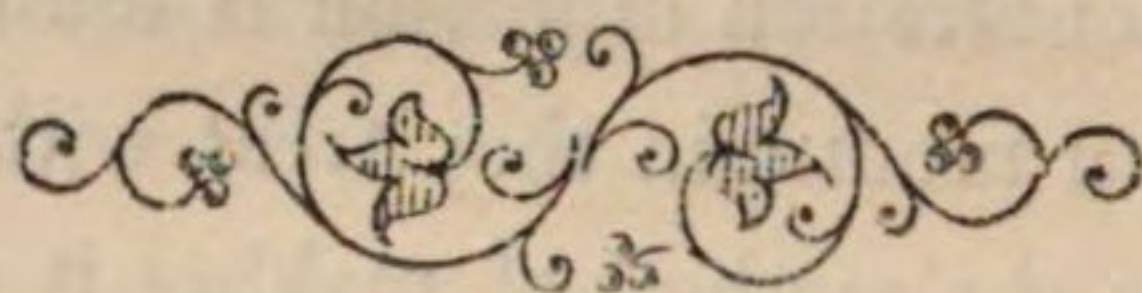
If I with Directors attempt to dispute,
At their demonstration objection is mute :
My dread of a mountain they treat with disdain,
And show me the method of making it plain.
For they tell me, " Come with us, and trust in our skill
" For getting a Rise Out of you and the Hill,
" Only take a few shares, and you'll find, after that,
" Wherever *you* are there's a regular *Flat*.

So we cut all progression by horses and sails,
And turn up our noses at stages and mails ;
For the doctors prescribe for each ill that assails,
No remedy like locomotion by rails.

And now, in one toast all our blessings to sum,
"Here's the Money that's *gone*, and the Railway
to *come*,"

If your eyes are too dull to report it as true,
Put spurs to your fancy, and ride for the view.
On bridges above and through tunnels below,
Through air and through earth, see it merrily go,
Enriching our land, and improving our trade,
With only *one* fault, that "it has *not* been made."

So we cut all progression by horses and sails,
And turn up our noses at stages and mails ;
For the doctors prescribe, for each ill that assails,
No remedy like locomotion by rails.



THE STEEPLE CHASE.

TUNE — "HUNTING THE HARE."

Away with repining
At valour declining,
And the want of a subject for poetry's pen.
The soul of a hero
Is not yet at zero,
But glows at blood heat in our Pembrokeshire men.
Whose love such of fame is,
That hunting too tame is,
Too safe for their daring, too slow for their pace.
Our riders ambition,
And horses condition,
Must be tried by the test of a great Steeple Chase.

Since always it best is,
That order, and justice,
Should guide our proceedings in earnest, or sport,
We wait for no summons,
From King, Lords, or Commons,
But erect in an instant an absolute court,

Though not clad in ermine,
Our judges determine,
With legal precision, each intricate case,
For experience in riding,
As well as deciding,
Make them fit to preside at our great Steeple Chase.

For, that their decision
Can need no revision,
How many aspiring young sportsmen must know,
Who have learnt from this teaching,
By practice, not preaching,
When crossing a country, what way they should go.
By men so enlightened
Each blackleg is frightened ;
His trade is quite floored, so he won't shew his face ;
He has no chance of screwing,
Cajoling or doing,
Unfortunate flats at our great Steeple Chase.

To the riders, at starting,
One last word at parting,
" Press forward, and fear being left in the lurch,
" By your haste to the steeple,
" You'll prove to the people
Your strength of affection, and zeal for the Church.
In the regions before ye
Of mud, and of glory,

Your efforts applauding spectators will grace.
And what man refuses
A few little bruises,
As the price of renown at the great Steeple Chase."

But a nervous sensation,
And soft palpitation,
Now steals through the delicate breasts of the fair,
Who say, that engaging
Such perils is waging
Too precious a stake in these hard days to spare!
That a much better trade 'tis
To sit with the ladies,
And talk of fans, flounces, silk, satin and lace,
Than for the dear creatures
To spoil their sweet features,
Or break their poor necks in this vile Steeple Chase.

No time for objections,
And dismal reflections,
The signal is given, so "off and away!"
Whilst galloping, falling,
Bets, bustle and bawling,
Give zest to the scene, and eclat to the day.
Hopping Tom is beginning
To look much like winning,
So steady his fencing, so forward his place :
Says a bumpkin, "I'm jealous,
He'll want a fresh bellows
To keep up the steam through this great Steeple
Chase."

“ Your remark, Sir, most wise is.”
And now comes the crisis
One horse makes a blunder, and flounders about,
And another, pray look, sir,
Has stuck in a brook, sir,
And is not very likely, I think, to get out,
If he should prove the last one,
At least he's a fast one,
And the nerves of the rider cold water will brace ;
Whilst 'tis some consolation
To learn navigation,
If not how to win at a great Steeple Chase.”

No room, now, for doubting,
For hark ! to the shouting ;
Cannon Ball is the cry, and opponents must feel,
That balls of such metal
Resistance upset all,
When they're served with good powder, and go with
a Peel.*
And, now that it's over,
We all can discover
Such points in the horse, as before none could trace,
And we say, “ That all through it,
We very well knew it,
None else had a chance in this great Steeple
Chase.”

* The winning horse was ridden by Mr. Wellington Peel.

For deeds of such merit,
You all must inherit
In the Temple of Fame, an appropriate nich,
Where each will be reckoned
First rider and second,
Down to him, who lays softly behind in the ditch.
For such small reverses
What rider the worse is ?
The attempt was heroic ; defeat, no disgrace,
So let none take denial,
But make a fresh trial,
And hope for success, at the next Steeple Chase.



THE SMALLS.

On a cruise in the Pembroke Royal Dockyard
Tender, the "Quail," the object of which was
to land at the "Smalls Light House."

TUNE.—"HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BLUSHING SIXTEEN."

Let us go out to sea, for its stupid to sail
In the limits of harbour and river ;
Though our ship bear the ominous name of the
Quail,
We are not the people to quiver.
Cries of "We will,
Nautical skill,
And on the wide ocean, and never are ill
Nothing appals,
Enterprise calls,
Off we must go on a cruise to the Smalls.

'Tis charming to witness such maritime zeal !
 What hardship or danger can task it,
 When we sail with such resolute hearts in each
 breast,
 And such a good lunch in the basket.
 Valiant and wise,
 Ample supplies,
 Of courage and constancy, chicken and pies,
 With hooks that can't fail
 To catch, as we sail,
 All the fish in the sea, from a shrimp to a whale.

But what is the reason, as onward we go,
 And the waves show some symptoms of riot,
 And get rather high, that our voices get low,
 And even the ladies are quiet.
 Scarcely a word
 Now to be heard :
 Is any one ill?—Oh, the thought is absurd.
 Not much amiss,
 But begin to think this,
 Though nearly, *not quite* the perfection of bliss.

I suppose, (for in landsmen, like me, 'twere ill bred)
 To hint the remotest suspicion,
 That if, where the heels were, I now see the head,
 'Tis the only sea-worthy position.
 And if faces are seen,
 Blue, yellow, and green,

'Tis nearly the mixture called Ultra Marine;
A colour that we
Politely agree
To hoist as a mark of respect to the sea.

And now that our object at last is in sight,
And we've taken such pains to pursue it,
I humbly suggest to a friend, that it's right
To look up for an instant, and view it.

A voice of disgust
Answers, "I must
Take all its wonders from you, upon trust :
Here I must lie,
For I wish I may die,
If I am able to open an eye."

Lord Byron has written in praise of the Sea,
One part of his eulogy odd is,
But if it be true, that "our souls there are free,"
I can't say as much for our bodies.
Lie like a stone,
Grumble and groan,
Don't say a syllable—let me alone ;
Pains in my head,
Appetite fled,
If it was not a sin, I should wish myself dead.

Oh ! kind Commodore, your indulgence we claim,
We are sure that you will not refuse us,
Pray, take us away, for we're playing a game,
Which never can pay, or amuse us.

It makes us quite cross
To play at a loss,
With waves so uncivil as these "Pitch and toss,"
Grass-Holm out-wits,
Beats us to fits,
Do what we will, we shall never cry quits.*

Some things are less easily done, than they're said,
With all inclination to please,—he
Finds with the tide and the wind right-a-head,
The matter not perfectly easy.
Manœuvre and tack,
Progress is slack,
What shall we do? We shall never get back!
Steamer! Yeo-ho!
With you let us go,
We have put our foot in it, so take us in toe.

And now that its over, we strongly incline
To cut all our voyages shorter,
For our spirits agree rather better with wine,
Than with such large potations of water.
We all understand,
How people command
A far finer view of the sea from the land.
Dinner in halls,
Free from the squalls,
Suit us much better, than sails to the Smalls.

* We were becalmed off Grass-Holm, a small island
in St. Bride's Bay, for a long time.

THE LAUNCH OF THE CÆSAR.

Barney Maguire's description of the conduct
of the "Cæsar" at the failure of its Launch at
Pembroke Dock Yard.

TUNE—"COME HASTE TO THE WEDDING."

Oh! here's a narration
Of a conversation
I had with the queerest of ships that was found,
Past human prevailing,
To think about sailing
Upon any surface, except on dry ground.
Says I, "I'm unasy
To see you so crazy,

Oh! how could it please ye, to stick like a stone,"
When once set a going?"
Says the ship, "To be showing,
That I was a Ship, with a will of my own.

"You see, sir, in me, sir,
The hero, bold Cæsar,-
A terrible teaser, as ever could be,
Take fifty times Pompey,
And he could not swamp me,
Or pummel, or thump me, by land, or by sea.
Around though they got all,
And tried with a bottle
To bother my senses, in hopes that when flown,
They might get me well under;
It was a great blunder,
For I was a ship, with a will of my own.

"But I was too clever
For such an endeavour,
And said, you shall never get rid of me so,
Though now you may cheer me,
And try hard to queer me,
With wine, and with beer, 'tis a case of No Go.
And I stopped, for diversion,
Just short of immersion,
And caused a conversion of cheers to a groan,
On purpose to *sell* them,
And quietly tell them,
That I was a ship with a will of my own.

“ Next, to put me in trammels,
They harnessed some camels,*
Strange beasts, full of airs, and impertinent pride,
And raised a Magician,†
With wicked ambition,
To tow me along, like a log by her side,
But I soon floored her merits
In raising up spirits,
By raising the best yet, that ever was grown,
A rattling South Wester,
That came to molest her,
And prove me a ship, with a will of my own.

“ Next, ever delighting
In playfully spiting
The pride of Commander and crew at its Flood,
And, to teach them at Spithead,
They were to be pitied,
Who thought me outwitted, I stuck in the mud.
When captain, and master,
Bewailed the disaster;
I said, “ were you faster, you ought to have known,
Without my remarking,
I’m only mud-larking,
To shew I’m a ship, with a will of my own.”

* Barrels used for raising the vessel are so called.

† The ship that towed the Cæsar, was called the Magicienne.

“ Now, to Sir Thomas Paisley,
With all his kind ways, I
Must say with due praise, I still think it was hard,
To care so for shoving
A creature so loveing,
And faithful as Cæsar, away from his yard—
For should some foreign nation
Attempt an invasion,
With power of persuasion, like mine, 'twould be
blown
Sky high— and keep crying,
“ Oh ! there 's no denying,
“ That this is a ship, with a will of its own.”



THE GOOD THINGS TO COME.

On a Dinner given to the Promoters of a
Railway, that was never made.

TUNE.—“AULD LANG SYNE.”

Should old acquaintance be a toast,
That still has charms for some,
We find the toast, that we like most,
Is “The good things to come :”
So let it be of coffee, tea,
Wine, brandy, beer, or rum,
Our cup we’ll fill, with right good will,
“To the good things to come.”

To the good things to come, my friends,
To the good things to come,
The toast that we will have for tea,
Is “The good things to come.”

Though I'm not worth a five-pound note,
And you are worth a plum,
We both will give our cordial vote
For "the good things to come."
And Time, whatever be our lot,
Will not this wish benumb,
To keep the good things we have got,
And see more good things come.

For the good things to come, my friends,
For the good things to come,
The toast that we will have for tea,
Is "The good things to come."

And now we trust, forgive the doubt,
The whole won't prove a hum,
And leave us, after all, without
The things we hope to come;
For oh! the thought, that, thinking on,
Would strike a patriot dumb,
Is that, of his good money gone,
And *no* good things to come

For the good things to come, my friends,
For the good things to come,
The toast that we will have for tea,
Is "The good things to come."

PETITION.

On the Presentation of a Park to the People
of Birmingham, without having secured the
money to pay for it.

TUNE.—“THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY, WHO KEPT
COMPANY WITH ME?”

I sing a song of Birmingham, of pockets ill-supplied,
Performance very narrow, and promise very wide.
To make all clear to every ear, I beg you'll hear
the prayer,
That bears the mark of the Town Clerk, Town
Councillor, and Mayor.

So pity, pray, poor patriots, perversely pressed
to pay.

PETITION.

For some relief to cure our grief, our claims we
strongly urge,
The Councillors of Birmingham, and Mayor—Mr.
Sturge,—

A patriot set, who here are met, to fret at being taught,
That even they may have to pay sometimes for
what they've bought.

So pity, pray, poor patriots, perversely pressed
to pay.

For this would shake—and no mistake,—the credit
and renown

For clever cheats, and counterfeits, of our ingenious
town :

When brass, by strange, and sudden change, a
gilded face has got,

And all is allegorical, and stands for what it's not.

So pity, pray, poor patriots, perversely pressed
to pay.

That virtues, too, may have their due, and treatment
just the same,

When not enough of real stuff, we always use the
name.

So, as none praise expensive ways, a novel stock we
keep

Of patent liberality, which is extremely cheap.

So pity, pray, poor patriots, perversely pressed
to pay.

What more complete and neat receipt to strew life's
path with flowers

Was ever known, than "Hold our own, and give,
what is not ours,"—

Who follow us, without the fuss of giving, gains the
sense,—

And a man's a Good Samaritan, without the oil and
pence.

So pity, pray, poor patriots, perversely pressed
to pay.

That this good rule should neither cool, nor slumber
in the dark,

To elevate its social state, we gave our town a park :
With ample ground, for safe and sound, we thought
was the advice,

That, as our way was, not to pay, we need not mind
the price.

So pity, pray, poor patriots, perversely pressed
to pay.

That fresh delight might grace the sight, we asked
our gracious Queen

To, what some few may call a *do*, but we, a glorious
scene.

And all things went to our content, until the dismal
day,

When we were pressed, and much distressed, with, a
request to pay.

So pity, pray, poor patriots, perversely pressed
to pay.

In that short sound what grief was found, we buyers
scarce can tell,

We wish the word seemed as absurd, to those who
had to sell ;

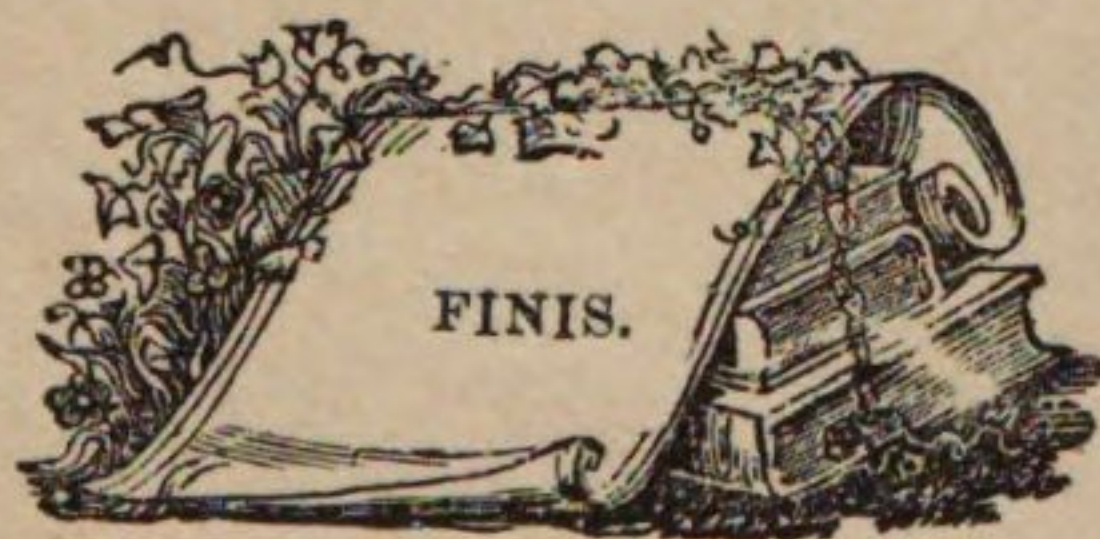
And we're afraid, the gift we made, some have mis-
understood,

And, blind to our grand presents, find our absence
quite as good.

So pity, pray, poor patriots, perversely pressed
to pay.

For some repose, to cure our woes, we modestly
must ask
That you your fair, and proper share, will take up, of
our task ;
Let us the pains, and all the gains, of benefaction
win,
And you the joy, without alloy, of furnishing the tin.
So pity, pray, poor patriots, perversely pressed
to pay.

Let these, and then all honest men, their duty not
forget,
But open wide, with proper pride, their purse, to
pay our debt,
And own, though short of tin we're thought, that
nothing can surpass
Great Birmingham, for serving them with good
supplies of brass.
So pity, pray, poor patriots, perversely pressed
to pay.





Scourfield, John Henry,

Lyrics

Cheltenham 1864

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